THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Volume 4 AUGUST, 1930 *Number* 10

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Published monthly by the Committee on Publications of the Riverside Church.

Price per copy 25c. Annual subscription $2.00.

Address all communications to THE CHURCH MONTHLY, 630 West 122nd Street, New York City

Make checks payable to Harry P. Fish, Treasurer.

THE "BOURDON" READY TO GO ALOFT.

This great bell is No. 72 in the Carillon. The inscription around the base reads, "This bell together with Low DD and E, also certain Treble Bells, was added to the Laura-Spelman Rockefeller Carillon when the Carillon was removed from the Park Avenue Baptist Church to the Riverside Church, New York, 1928 A.D.****For the first time in History a Carillon compass of five octaves is here achieved and exceeded.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Volume 4 AUGUST, 1930 *Number* 10

A Pastoral Letter

To the Members and Friends of the Riverside Church.

My dear Friends:

Once more from the refreshing seclusion of the Maine coast I am writing a pastoral letter to the church. My island study among the firs and spruces, so close to the sea that a good "Sou' Easter" blows the spray on the windows, seems a long distance from Broadway, but, even so, I find it difficult to keep my imagination away from New York. All reports indicate that the progress of our new building is promising enough to assure us our first service in the great auditorium on October fifth. We have never expected that the chancel screen could be completed by that time, but we still are hoping that only such details may be left unfinished as can be cleared up after our initial occupancy.

That this is to be a significant year in the church's life goes without saying. It takes much more than a house to make a home, and the completion of our new building is not so much the end as the beginning of our real task. To be sure, the new building itself should be an inestimable help to us in our spiritual ministry to the city. Beauty is a roadway to God. Our characteristic Protestant tradition has too much neglected that fact and has relied too exclusively on talking. It has often reduced worship to a few exercises of devotion appended to a sermon. Such starvation diet will not serve rightly the needs of the spiritual life and we should rejoice that we are to have a structure made for worship, conducive to worship, in which worship can be made beautiful and effective.

Let me, therefore, in this pastoral letter, lay it on your consciences that you use the church for worship. Too commonly our Protestant congregations come to church, as they go to a lecture, to have somebody talk to them. They do not come to do something themselves—to worship and so be carried out of themselves by something greater than themselves to which they give themselves. They come in the passive voice instead of the active. Worship, however, is not a

function which the minister can perform for the congregation—it is a cooperative act in which all the congregation should partake. Anyone can *feel* the difference between a lecture-hall audience and a worshipping church. The minister's attitude can help create the spirit of the latter but it is the people themselves who really produce it.

Especially in our case, where so many casual visitors are present in our services, we need to lay this matter to heart. We want everyone who enters our church to be hushed and inspired by the spirit which pervades our worship. Let us not be afraid—as so many Protestants are—of outward expression of devotion, kneeling in prayer if we feel like it, and certainly joining actively and heartily in the services.

Moreover, while it is true as Matthew Arnold said that "we philosophize best alone and worship best together," let us not forget the long Christian tradition in favor of using the churches for private devotion. Our church and chapel will be open every day for prayer and meditation. Not once a week but all the week by day and night we wish the new building used—and not least by those who find it a refuge from the city's confusion, where private prayer is natural and the fever of the world is stilled.

With regard to public worship one practical matter is of urgent importance—being on time. Here are some significant words on the subject in another setting: "A concert is not a tea party. You can't run in late, sip something, gossip a bit, and go out when you feel like it. Not if Leopold Stokowski wields the baton. Late-comers are given two minutes' grace, the concert begins, and those outside cool their heels in the lobby till the symphony is over. Some protest against this, but Mr. Stokowski, likewise Mr. Toscanini, are adamant." What thus is true of a concert is true of worship. I do not want to preach to people who come straggling in just before the sermon. Such folk ruin the whole spirit of the service and deserve to be shut out. Whether or not we shall adopt measures so stringent as Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Toscanini have dared I do not know, but your ministers are considering the matter. It might have a wholesome effect for our church to say that people who do not care enough for worship to come on time may not come at all.

Perhaps even more important is the relationship of timeliness to our Church School. Instead of having to wait years, as we expected, for 500 children in the School, we have had that many the first year with a waiting list besides. This next season we must limit the number admitted to 600, since we have accommodations for no more. Nothing more promising has developed in our new situation than the program of religious education under Mr. Hellstrom's leadership. Will you think it strange, then, that with new equipment, a modern program, excellent teachers and a larger popular response than we can handle, one of our most anxious concerns is to get the children to the sessions

of the School on time? Everything depends on that. Nobody, however expert, can educate children who are irregular and tardy in attendance. If the religious education of children is one of the important concerns of our time—and it most certainly is—we have a right to lay the obligation strongly on the parents, where the obligation obviously belongs, to enter their children in our Church School only on condition that the children's attendance will be, as far as possible, as regular and punctual as at day school.

I have the church very much to thank for the response with which my recent letter on the pew question was met. Only 192 requests were made for individually assigned seats. I do not mean to suggest that those who chose the plan of a general reserved section for the whole church-family are more loyal to the interests of the congregation than those who chose special sittings. There are easily understandable reasons of health, family or strong traditional preference, why individual assignments may justifiably be desired. But I do mean that the willingness of so overwhelming a majority of our people to try this new and more efficient plan is most encouraging. We are confident that the best interest and comfort of the congregation as a whole can be conserved under the new arrangement, with such adaptations and changes as further experience may suggest. During the first few Sundays of the coming season, we bespeak your patience and goodwill. The ushers will face a difficult task, which they are preparing to meet with all the foresight they can muster. You, I am sure, will cooperate with them until our new situation is being handled smoothly. In particular, much as tickets of admission to a church may seem undesirable, remember that the only way we can keep a reserved section for the church family until 10:50 o'clock is to have the church family show tickets as they pass in.

Of course, behind all such matters of detail, what most is on the hearts of your ministers is the justification of our new building in terms of service. Doubtless you are asked, as I am, how so large an expenditure on a building can be justified when poverty lurks menacingly in the dark shadows of our city and unemployment stalks our streets. I tried to give my answer in a sermon on "The Wrong Way to Build a Church," which, now in pamphlet form, I should be glad to have distributed in quarters where such questioning is rampant. We must, so far as possible, forestall misinterpretation of our spirit and not let our good be evil spoken of. We are not a proud, rich church. We are an unusually democratic church. We accept the beauty of our new meeting-house not as a cause of self-congratulation, but as a challenge to self-dedication. We know that so costly a structure must be justified and that it can be justified only by commensurate service.

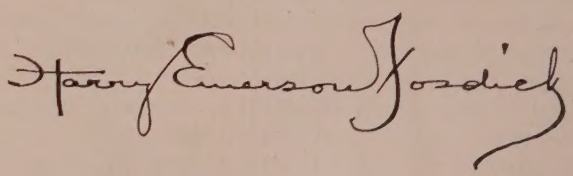
I commend to each of you, therefore, your share in the practical usefulness of our church. Our experience readily assures us that seven

days a week, twelve months a year, our building will be in operation, and the distribution of our multiplying activities, even with our large equipment, will be a serious problem.

Moreover, I particularly commend to your heed our service beyond our own walls. I wonder how many of you have taken seriously the open doors we have set before you for giving through the church to the social service agencies of our community and the Christian work of the city and the world. We have a heavy obligation on us—noblesse oblige—and there exists such popular expectation of service from us as will put us to shame if we fail in meeting it. This is the deep concern of our ministers. We have been given something to live up to. That always touches one's honor The honor of our church is certainly involved in justifying our building by our usefulness.

So far as Sunday is concerned we hope to meet the needs of various religious temperaments by offering diverse types of worship. There will be on Sunday morning study and discussion groups for all ages; at eleven o'clock the preaching service; in the afternoon both an unprogrammed meeting of the Friends and its very opposite a Ministry of Music with liturgical service; at night the worship service of the Riverside Guild through drama. Let this catholicity be typical of our church's spirit! We try not to regiment opinion or to run genuine diversities of spiritual life into static molds. We glory in difference, vitality and variety. We believe that there are "many gifts but the same spirit." We should like our church to offer as many roadways to the Eternal Goodness as there are folks to travel them. One in loyalty to the Spirit of Christ, we hope to work out in our church's life the inclusiveness of the New Testament's saying: "He that doeth good is of God."

Faithfully yours,



August, 1930.

The Art of Being Good

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

MULTITUDES of people are very tired of trying to be good. They often wish they were good but it requires such strenuous endeavor that they cannot stand the strain. If only there were some way of being spontaneously at one's best as water runs down hill! Upon the contrary, this world seems to be built upon another principle altogether. If as farmers we spontaneously let ourselves go we get weeds, but if we want wheat we have to work so hard and often under such discouraging difficulties that even in a natural fertile land like this the agricultural problem is acute. So moral excellence is all too rare, not so much because folk question its desirability as because they keenly feel its difficulty—easy to get moral weeds, hard to get moral wheat! The result is that many pulpit arguments in favor of the good life, however intellectually convincing they may be, roll off our minds like water from slate.

We argue, for example, that whatever the good life costs is worth spending. We have to deny ourselves *something,* we say. If we do not deny ourselves the bad life for the sake of the good life, then we are denying ourselves the good life for the sake of the bad life. We get self-denial going or coming. The question is simply which we will deny, the low life for the high or the high for the low, diamonds for dust or dust for diamonds. Since, therefore, self-denial is inevitable, far better to give up promiscuous relations for the sake of a lovely home than to give up a lovely home for the sake of promiscuous relations; far better to give up bad temper for the sake of having friends than to give up friends for the sake of having bad temper; far better to surrender shady practices in business to keep honor and peace of mind than to surrender honor and peace of mind in favor of shady practices in business. Surely, that is reasonable. There is no theoretical argument against it. But we all know the practical argument. Life seems to be built, not only physically but morally, with the gravitation downward. It is easy to slip, it is hard to climb up; and many people are tired trying to be good.

Or we argue in the pulpit that much of the current talk about the danger of repressing primitive instincts is one-sided. We have to restrain *something,* we say. We cannot let everything in us go helter-skelter. The result of that would be like the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street without traffic regulations. If we are to have any freedom of movement we must hold something back in order to let something through. If a man insists that he will not restrain his violent temper, he inevitably will restrain his friendly feelings. If a man insists that he will not restrain his wilder passions he will restrain his nobler spiritual loves. However much we may dislike restrain and repression, one cannot avoid the fact that inevitably every life adopts a scale of values and controls some things in order to give others liberty.

Said one of our better psychologists, "Conscience is the voice of the repressed good." That might well be written by airplanes in smoke on the sky over every American city today: "Conscience is the voice of the repressed good." There are

other things in life dangerous to repress beside our primitive instincts. Our higher instincts are dangerous to repress. Conscience is the voice of them. Therefore we argue: Do not subject the high to the low; subject the low to the high; do not repress your good.

That, too, is reasonable. There is no theoretical answer to it. But we all know the practical answer. It is hard work doing that. Drifting down stream is easy, rowing up stream is strenuous; and many become very weary trying to be good.

In answer I suggest that we remember two kinds of good people whom we know. Some labor painfully at being good. Like a singer who strains his voice so distressingly that his audience travails with him, so are some people with their goodness. They toil at it. They observe rules. They are obsessed with the things they ought not to do. They belabor their wills. But we must have known some whose goodness was not like that. They did not seem to work at it. It was spontaneous; it overflowed. It shone out like light. Joy and radiance were in it as when a master plays a violin and one loses the consciousness that there is work at all. Effortless ease made it beautiful as though the life were good by nature and could do no more than be itself.

Some of us had mothers like that whom we recall today, and some of us for many years have had a Christ like that, who never seemed to try to be good because he *was* good and would have had to try to be anything else. What if there were a secret of being good without trying?

There is a secret, and one of the worthiest expressions of it in all literature you will find in the third chapter of Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians: "we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory." "Are transformed," you see, not "change ourselves," not "strive and struggle," we are changed. We live in spiritual relationships that do things to us, so that inevitably out of them there comes a consequence and spontaneously we are transformed. As Henry Drummond paraphrased that passage, "We all reflecting as a mirror the character of Christ are transformed into the same Image from character to character." What if that were true? I suppose there never could be any kind of goodness without some trying in it, but what if this thing Paul says were really true and there were spiritual relationships, living in which brought an inevitable and beautiful consequence so that we were changed?

Note, in the first place, that the principle on which this idea rests is true in our experience. Did it seem incredible at first that there could be such a thing as goodness without trying? Upon the contrary, none of the finest things in our characters today came, I suspect, by effort. We caught them from somebody. In one of the European galleries there is an old Greek statue of Apollo, a beautiful figure of physical perfection. It is interesting to stand aside and watch the crowds of casual visitors pass by. Let anybody stand long enough before that statue and almost invariably you see him begin to straighten up. He is not trying. He is not even conscious of what he does. He is revealing the instinctive basis for a great law of life: we grow like what we live with. Indeed we do! That law is revealed in many a lovely home where two folk who profoundly love each other have lived together for many years until their kinship of thought and taste and feeling is the strongest influence in their lives. When we care about them, we grow like those we live with.

On a day particularly dedicated to motherhood, one finds a ready illustration of this law. Put on one side the virtues we possess that can be attributed to the sheer strain of our volition, and put on the other side whatever fineness we possess because

we had our mothers and because in those first intimate days when all the doors and windows of our lives were open to them they shone upon us with their very souls. In those first days we were not trying; we did not know how to try; we did not have integrated wills purposefully to try with. But what the psychologists tell us today we know to be true: the most important influences of our lives were playing on us then. We were living in a spiritual relationship and were being changed.

Long ago in my first pastorate a little boy ten years old was run over by a truck in front of his own home and cruelly hurt —for weeks we did not know whether he ever would walk again. They picked up his broken body and carried it into the house and while they were waiting for the physicians his mother sat beside his bed. He was badly scared. By and by he said, "Mother, are you frightened?" She pulled herself together, looked at him steadily, and said, "No, I am not frightened." "Well, then," he said, "I will not be either." His courage did not come from trying. He caught it from somebody. My soul! how many of the finest things in our lives we caught from our mothers!

Do not suppose that, because our first illustration of this truth comes from motherhood, it is primarily a matter of sentiment. Our psychologists are telling us the same thing: it is not our wills that make us; it is our mental images, our interior spiritual companionship. As our friend, Mr. David Seabury, puts it, "As a man imagines in his heart, so he ultimately becomes." To be sure! If we hang beautiful pictures on the walls of our souls, mental images that establish us in the habitual companionship of the highest that we know, and live with them long enough, we cannot will evil. Our wills are powerless in the face of the accumulating influence of beautiful imaginings and inward spiritual fellowships. Free will? Thank heaven, some of us are not free! not free to lie, to steal, to slander. We could not will such things. We are not free because we have lived so long with mental images of another sort that the accumulated consequence is more powerful than any stroke of our volition. Or on the other hand, if we hang on the soul's walls unlovely pictures, unworthy mental images bespeaking a vain, shallow, unclean, selfish life, and live with them long enough, we cannot will good. No use, then, urging us to flog our volition. Our wills are the slaves of the accumulated influence of our interior companionships. What we can do is to get new mental images. We can do that. We can move out into better spiritual relationships until we are changed.

Suppose, then, in some future heaven a presumptuous fellow stepping up to Paul and saying: "What a will you have! You started a persecutor and you ended by writing the most glorious passage on love in the world's literature! Changed life, tremendous achievements, what a will!" How shallow that would be in comparison with the sort of thing that Paul would answer. "It was not my will," he would say. "I lived with Christ. I had an inner fellowship with him. I kept him in my imagination. There were hard and evil days but always in my imagination's eye I saw him. Never a day passed when I did not for at least a little while re-establish my fellowship with him. All that was finest in my life came from that. With unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the character of Christ, I was changed from character to character."

Note, in the second place, that not only is this principle true to our experience but it is reasonable. In no realm today, when we want results, do we primarily blow on our hands and put our wills in to it. First of all we back away from our problem and put our intelligence into it. We ask what conditions ought to be fulfilled in order to get the consequence we wish. We desire, for example, giant power in industry and we are going to get it, but we are not going to get it by simply putting our wills

into it. Our wills by themselves are not one whit better than Nebuchadnezzer's. He had a strong will. But there is one thing we know that Nebuchadnezzar did not—how to ask and answer questions as to what conditions ought to be fulfilled in streams and waterfalls and tides to get power. The whole strategy of modern science is to want something away off *here* and then to go away off *there,* fulfill the conditions, and get it. We may fulfil conditions at Niagara Falls to get power hundreds of miles away. That is not, first of all, putting your will into it; that is putting your intelligence into it.

One of the early indications, they say, that Napoleon gave of his amazing strategical skill in military affairs was at the siege of Toulon. The Jacobins had been attacking the Royalist city of Toulon in vain and then Napoleon, a lieutenant of artillery, came, put his finger on the map at a place outside Toulon altogether and said to the war council, "There is the key of Toulon." Quite so! All the great Toulons of life are captured, not by direct assaults of the volition but by knowing the strategical places somewhere else, where, if you fulfil conditions, you will get Toulon.

If you carry a symptom to a physician, he does not spend volition on the symptom. He may go a long way from the symptom and ask what conditions need to be fulfilled elsewhere that health may come and the symptoms disappear. Go to Mr. Edison wanting American rubber for automobile tires and he does not apply his will to automobile tires. He goes far afield—it may be to golden-rod—and asks what conditions must be fulfilled to get rubber out of that. Everywhere when we want results we raise this prior question: what conditions are to be fulfilled to achieve the consequence we wish—everywhere except in goodness, and there, with a fatal lack of vision we still depend primarily on will.

If men desire to be good, we say to them, Try! But have you not watched them try until it almost broke your heart to see their struggle? Tell a man that he ought to be Christlike and should try, as though by any stroke of his volition he could lift himself to such spiritual quality! Paul was a scientist in building character before the other scientists arrived. He knew that greatness of spiritual quality depends on fulfilled conditions. In what spiritual relationships are we so intimately living that we inwardly are changed from character to character? That is the deepest question in the problem of goodness.

Of course, the men of religion are not alone in seeing it. The novelists have seen it. Read Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." It is the story of a man who grew like what he lived with. Read George Elliot's "Silas Marner." The old miser was not transformed because he wished it. He did not even wish to be transformed. Some one came into his life, a child left at his threshold, that lured him out of himself, bewitched him away from his sordidness, opened doors in his soul that he had not dreamed were there, unshuttered windows and let sunshine into rooms where it had never come. He lived in a new companionship and was changed.

As for our psychologists, you should hear them talk! How they blame us, the moralists, because we so misuse the will, as though a kitten tangled in a skein of yarn were likely to escape merely by kicking harder. How they hate also the advertisers who promise almost overnight to give us new wills so that, no longer the loose-lipped, sad-eyed weaklings vividly portrayed before us on the printed page, we shall become instead this paragon of virile resolution, firm-jawed, tight-lipped, clear-eyed—"Fill in and mail the coupon now!" Nonesense! If you and I are in any real moral and emotional difficulty, the trouble lies far in the hinterland of our souls. Not by one chance in a thousand can we escape merely by trying. Indeed, like a man in a quicksand, the harder we try the deeper we may sink. When, however, under wise

guidance a man goes back into his soul to discover the thoughts he has been living with, the faiths he has been living by, the mental images he has been cherishing, the habitual things he has been saying to himself in his interior conversations, the spiritual relationships he has been clinging to, and changes some of these, the results do often seem miraculous.

You see, we have just two things to rely on for goodness: first, our wills—they are important but they do not go far; second, our capacity to be inspired—how amazing it is! From a boy who was not frightened, though he was crushed half to death, because he caught courage from his mother, to Paul living under the spell of Christ until he surpassed himself and was raised from weakness to strength, how amazing is the capacity of the human soul to be inspired by great books, great music, great art, by the beauty of nature and by human friendship, by high faiths, by lofty ideals, by the interior fellowship of the Unseen Friend! The finest qualities of our characters do not come from trying but from that mysterious and yet most effective capacity to be inspired.

Under what kind of inspiration, then, are you and I living? Be sure, the world will find out in the end. Judas did not betray his Lord all of a sudden, because he willed it. He had been living with some mental images for a long time and his sin, slowly accumulating, like an avalanche all unsuspected, in a crisis broke. His will was powerless. And Paul did not of a sudden write the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, because he willed it. Over many a year he had lived with someone and the accumulating consequence of that inward fellowship with "Love divine, all love excelling" one day overflowed in spontaneous utterance. He could not have willed it.

Sometimes when a man who understands human nature speaks to a congregation on such a theme he feels the solemnity of this fact. According to all statistical probabilities, there are some people in this congregation who within a few years will crash in moral ruin, obvious, public, and irretrievable. Men will say your wills were wrong. That will not be the real cause. You are living now with inward faiths, imaginations, fellowships, whose accumulating consequence like a tidal wave some day will oversweep the resistance of your will. Live on low inspirations and the world will find it out at last. Live on high inspirations and there are some of us here concerning whom our friends may some day think: Reflecting as a mirror the character of Jesus, he was changed into the same likeness from character to character.

Finally, consider not only how true this is to our experience and how reasonable, but what a lovely kind of goodness it does produce. Goodness is not all of one quality. Some is very painful. Goodness in this regard is like courtesy. Some courtesy can be stiff and formal. A man who really is not fine and kindly can by the deliberate stroke of his volition use the outward forms of politeness. He is polite but he is working at it and it is not attractive. In what sharp contrast does a man stand whose courtesy is a matter of his nature and not simply of his will. Some one has defined a gentleman as a man who never unintentionally offends any one. Intentionally he may offend some one. When the occasion requires he may intentionally be severe and stern, but unintentionally, when his will is off guard, when his nature unrestrained is overflowing its banks, he never offends anybody. His courtesy is like sunshine, like water running from a spring, like the laughter of little children; it is spontaneous. He *is* a gentleman.

That is the kind of goodness that Jesus loved. He hated legalism, the morality that never gets beyond the restrained and regimented will. Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not"—they do not work at it; they have gotten into true relationship with the sun and the earth and something beautiful is

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Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL Spirit, into the calm and strength of Thy presence we would bring our restless lives that they might find in Thee their peace. Hush the too great noise of our living. Quiet the turbulence of our stormy spirits. Smooth the irritations of our easily vexed hearts. Let quietness and receptivity, responsiveness and the open mind be our grace and glory in this hour of meditation.

The world's soiling fingers have been laid again upon our spirits. The din of its busy living has been in our ears. Once more we need to be hushed that we may hear the Highest speak. Minister to us, we beseech Thee, through every healing and saving agency of our spiritual lives.

Let penitence do its holy work. Quiet us that we may hear Thy voice telling us how much we harm our fellows with our sins. Let the self-deceits that live too easily amid the noise of daily life seem in our eyes as they ought to seem. Quiet within us the voice of the world, that conscience may speak. From our ill temper, from our unkind moods, from our hasty words, from our cherished vindictiveness, from our failure to make it easy for those who live with us to live at their best, good Lord, deliver us. And grant that we may be born again in the quiet of this hour into a better mind and a finer and more kindly life.

Let memory do its work, we beseech Thee. Raise up within our recollection the dear and holy dead whom we have loved long since and lost awhile. Let us not worship here, a company of the living only who walk upon the surface of the ground, but let there be around our lives in this hour of our fellowship a great company of witnesses, of forms unseen yet potent in their influence. Above all, bring up over the horizon of our memory that glorious Figure from an ancient time who liveth still with Thee and in days of our clear vision molds our life to nobler issues. O God, make Thy Christ real to us. In the winsomeness of his spirit, in his unbuyable, unscarable integrity, in his courage, in his kindness, make Christ real.

Minister to us, we beseech Thee, through our hopes. Quiet us that our best ideals may grow alluring once more. Save us from accepting the low standards of the world in which we live. Grant unto us higher thoughts of Christ's purpose for us, a nobler philosophy of life's meaning, loftier goals for our devotion, and finer ideals for our inspiration. Because we have met here today may the things for which Christ stands grow vivid in our thoughts. Send us forth to live for them. Beget hope within us, hope that we may rise above our meaner selves, outgrow our littleness, achieve the magnanimity of the Christian spirit.

After thus being calmed for a little time in Thy presence, may we go out into the noise and the battle of the world to be Thy true servants, like knights who have kept their vigil before the altar that they may fight better for their king. Lay upon our consciences the burden of this world's need. Let not our hands hold themselves back from any task that will help to bring the Kingdom in. Glorify our ordinary work. Lift it up out of the usual into the unusual because of the spirit in which we perform it. Lay upon our consciences the social welfare of the nation, justice in industry, peace between the peoples. Grant that we may be among those who in our generation cross the lines that prejudice and

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THE ART OF BEING GOOD

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spontaneously coming in consequence; their loveliness grows up from within. "They toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Jesus always pushed back behind the goodness that is a mere matter of volition to the goodness that is a matter of one's nature. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." You see, that is what we have been saying all this morning.

Some one, to be sure, may rise in protest. He says this truth does not make goodness easier but harder. Goodness without trying—what nonsense is this that a man can get a new nature, be what Paul called "a new creature," without trying? Well, my friend, you may be sure of this: you never will get a new nature *by trying*. That is certain. Recall Dr. Keate, the old terror of the Eton schoolboys whose sermon on purity of heart has long been famous. "It's your duty," he said, "to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you." That is a crazy psychology. Purity of heart by trying hard—nobody ever achieved a new nature so. But I can tell you how multitudes of beautiful souls across the Christian centuries have gotten a new nature. Reflecting as a mirror the character of Christ, they were changed from character to character. And when goodness does thus come by living with something lovely until you inwardly grow like it, that is a beautiful goodness.

I do not mean to say that we can get along without militant and aggressive will in morals. I do not see how we are going to rid ourselves of the worst aspects of an economic system that issues in unemployment and the tragedy of men unemployable at forty-five without putting our wills into it. We cannot be rid of war, in an age of international intimacies when war is the supreme inbecility, without putting our wills into it. We cannot get rid of high tariffs that raise the price of living for everybody, raise wages for almost nobody, and raise profits for a few, without putting our wills into it. We have to have militant will in the struggle for social righteousness. But these reformers who have nothing in their goodness except militant will, how like clanging cymbals they often are! You cannot say that Paul did not put his will into his work. Look at those achievements! But the persuasiveness of his goodness, making it effectively influential across the centuries, lies deeper. *He* was changed. He lived in a divine companionship and he was changed from character to character.

▽

Prayer

ETERNAL God, our Father, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt give us in the glory of this springtime renewal of life. Lead us out into new relationships with Thy divine sun and earth, that we may grow spontaneously gracious and right within. Shine upon us, thou sun of God. Be rich beneath us for our rootage, thou soil of God. And toiling not, nor spinning, but growing, may we be good beautifully and so make goodness alluring to Thy children. Amen.

A Sermon Preached At
Temple Beth-El, New York,
May 11, 1930.

Prayer

(*Continued from Page 196*)

hatred draw, that we may practice goodwill until Thy brotherhood of kindred souls around the world shall come.

Lay Thy hand, we beseech Thee, upon some needy spirit here, discouraged by failure, dismayed by ill health, burdened by the betrayal of friends, of low practical estate. Lay Thy hand in spiritual baptism upon those who need Thee in their moral trials. Give us all a new grasp upon our lives. Deepen our faith; increase our courage; strengthen our confidence; and send us out to live as becometh those who have had this high vocation bestowed on them that they should be called the sons of God.

We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

The Chapel Reredos

By Eugene C. Carder

We will begin our story of the interior stone of the Riverside Church with a brief description of the reredos in the little Chapel at the south end of the building. The entrance to the Chapel is on the Drive, just south of the West Portal. There will be chairs for two hundred. A separate organ and a recessed alcove for a piano make the room available for different types of Church services as well as for the worship services of the Church School.

The Chancel is at the East end of the Chapel. The photographs accompanying this article were made in the studio of the Piccirilli brothers only two weeks ago. They are pictures of the plaster models from which the stone carving will be done. We are interested particularly now in telling this little story of the Chapel Reredos because it is in process of development and our readers will become acquainted with it before it has actually taken shape in the enduring stone from which it will be carved.

First, let us think about the reredos itself. The lower panel readily identifies itself as a presentation of "The Lord's Supper." The picture is broken, so to speak, by the columns but the Composition is not broken and the Christ and His Disciples find their traditional places while they "break the bread" and "drink the cup."

In the panel above we have the Christ of the Transfiguration in the center with Moses and Elijah on either side. Still further to the left and right are the disciples who accompanied him and the angels who shared in the experience.

Above this scene there stands a bold Cross which becomes, because of its dominating position, the center of attention and interest for all who may sit here for meditation, prayer, or worship.

This particular Cross speaks a definite message in the text which is engraved upon the horizontal member. "I am the door. By me, if any man enter in, he shall go in and out and find pasture."

The perpendicular portion which extends above the horizontal member represents the closed door of the sheep-fold and in itself constitutes a Cross. The symbols of the hand and the dove on either side represent, respectively, the Father and the Holy Spirit. Thus we have the Trinity symbolized at the very top of the Composition.

The lower part of the vertical piece is broken up into three small panels. The upper one shows the sheep-fold door standing open with the sheep coming out. In the other two panels they are out in the field where it is promised they will "find pasture."

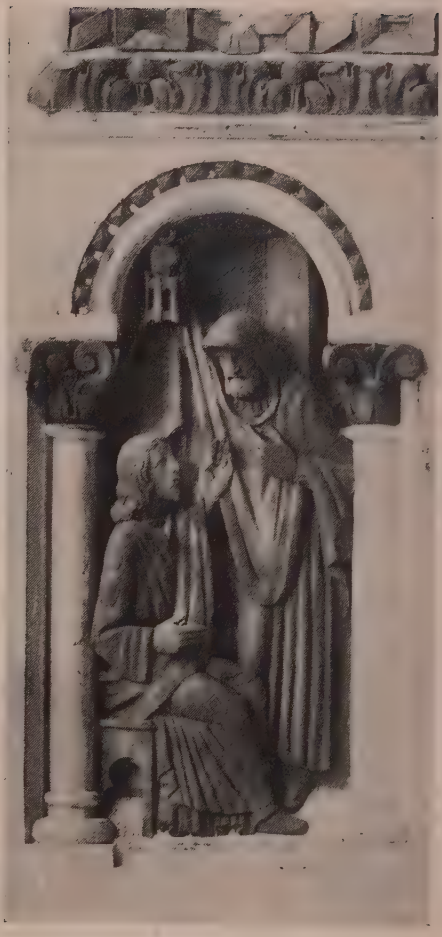
On the left, in larger scale, the sheep are grazing in the pasture, not far from the safety and shelter of the fold, with the shepherd standing guard. A little lamb from this fold has been carried by a shepherd into the very shadow of the Cross.

On the right are other sheep, representing the words of the Christ, "Other sheep have I that are not of this fold." A boy with pipes is leading them as they graze on the mountain side with the forest just beyond. From this other flock a lamb has also been carried in the arms of a herdsman into the shadow of the Cross.

The interwoven border which frames the entire composition will be peopled by the prophets who attend the Tree of Jesse in the famous window of that name in Chartres Cathedral. These characters will be, in the order named, reading from the lower left to the lower right:—

Christ—Isaiah—Moses—
Jeremiah—Ezekiel—Samuel—
Naham—Daniel—Baalim—
Joel—Micah—Amos—Hosea.

(*Continued on Page 201*)



THE ALTAR FRONT

Six pictures, four in intertwined circles on the front itself and two in vertical panels flanking the series of four, one at each end, represent intimate scenes from the life and ministry of Jesus and present characters with whom our Lord had happy personal contacts. Nicodemus, who is traditionally remembered as the man who came to Jesus by night, is seen with the lantern. Zacchaeus, the Customs Collector, into whose home and life Jesus found salvation to have come, is represented as a man of small stature who climbed into the branches of a tree that he might the more readily see the popular Prophet who was visiting his city.

In the circles are to be found the woman who brought the alabaster box of precious ointment, the Saviour washing the disciples' feet, the "walk to Emmaus," and the healing of the demoniac boy at the foot of the mountain.

We write thus at length in the August "Monthly" of the Chapel Reredos primarily because it is one of the items of major interest that is under development right now, and because it is one of the things we would tell our readers about if we were to meet them somewhere in vacation land and they were to ask "What is happening at the Church this summer?"

THE LITTLE GATE TO GOD

In the castle of my soul
Is a little postern gate,
Whereat, when I enter,
I am in the presence of God.
In a moment, in the turning of a thought,
I am where God is.
This is a fact.
When I enter into God,
All life has a meaning,
Without asking I know;
My desires are even now fulfilled,
My fever is gone
In the great quiet of God.
My troubles are but pebbles on the road,
My joys are like the everlasting hills.
So it is when my soul steps through the postern gate
Into the presence of God.
Big things become small, and small things become great.
The near becomes far, and the future is near.
The lowly and despised is shot through with glory.
God is the substance of all revolutions;
When I am in Him, I am in the Kingdom of God
And in the Fatherland of my Soul.

Walter Rauschenbusch

Answering the Giant Question Mark

By Margaret I. Applegate

You will have noticed some very strange things about the map:

By looking with a certain quality of rapt intentness your imagination cannot have failed to show you certain fascinations about the outlines of certain countries—Italy? like some Christmas stocking dangling expectantly from the mantelpiece of Europe! India? a great brown triangle, the three sides of which, from your general knowledge, you will have bounded by poverty, ignorance and superstition. Africa? surely a giant question mark; and with the never-ending pathos of that question surely our church may well be very glad that it has its own representative in Africa to give the one and only answer.

For the question there has been forever and ever quite simply just this: *What shall I do to be safe?* And on how many, many warm black bodies hang fetishes and charms at this very moment: a fetish against fire, a fetish against water, even a fetish against fetishes! A man with a canoe will know how to deal with that dangerous rock in the river—for there is an evil spirit in the rock to be placated, with a word, with a silence, with a tobacco leaf worn just so around one's neck or on one's wrist. Yet what fetish so infallible that a mother may hang it around her baby's neck and know that now at last evil will be averted?

That representative of ours in Congo, that tireless Dr. Catherine Mabie, what necklaces of charms she must have seen: what lion's teeth, to guard against wild animals; and against pain and illness and death what little wistful feathers, what wilted grasses, what chicken bones, what pebbles . . . it is all such a weary mystery, this eternal question—what shall I do to be safe?

And along comes Dr. Mabie with her gentle friendly way: God's woman, she! How intimately and surely she speaks of Him. You are to picture her handling the sad little fetishes which bespeak the question whose answer she knows so well. How they listen: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved!"

As you gaze once more at your map, behold a double wonder: for the continent which obviously resembles a question mark is also in shape like a listening ear—and you like knowing that, at this very moment as you read, Dr. Mabie is giving her continued answer to that listening ear, and giving it exactly as the Great Physician gave it 1900 years ago: by healing sick bodies and sicker minds dulled by ignorance and superstition.

Are you knowing the full tragedy of African superstition as she sees it daily in little jungle villages? How there will be on a certain day a leaf-thatched hut, and in it many women each looking with stark horror inside a baby's mouth to see that first little tooth. A merry baby, this, black and plump and lovely—unconscious of the great human drama in the center of whose stage it lies, unmindful that a first tooth coming on that particular jaw spells certain misfortune for an entire family, especially for the father. In all Congo, who does not know this? The mother's heart is heavy with the knowledge. One by one the neighbor women will go padding softly homeward on bare black feet, knowing it also, remembering other babies with other first teeth just there in that very wrong place, remembering other solutions. Well, well, one never knows! Even fetishes fail, oh how often! And that night, down the starlit jungle path there will be a grandmother trudging unwillingly with a little

sleeping bundle in her arms. For there is only one thing to do now; only one thing. Deep in the forest is a silent pool. Still, like a mirror. And brooding over it the eternal African question: to be safe? What shall I do? What shall I do? No fetish strong enough to guard against the danger of first teeth on the wrong jaw. . . .

The African grandmother gives the only answer she knows. There is a splash in that silent pool; then ever-widening ripples. She hurries away haunted by the sight of those rippling circles.

It is when your heart sinks deepest at such stories that it rises highest to know that Dr. Mabie lives and moves in Africa: among all the subtlety of witchcraft, the trials by poison, the countless fetishes she moves like a candle in a dark place, and people are drawn to her irresistibly, for here is a woman sure of God, and of another way of safety. Did you ever hear her tell of her first little inadequate tin hospital? of the effigy twin carved from wood and worn around the neck of the living twin? of the many puzzled questions, of the many mangled bodies, of the many changed lives she has faced? For while she heals she tells the story. Of the Name that saves. On how many tired black faces has a sudden light dawned! A sudden hushed wonder!

They crowd her all day, every day, every week, every month, every year, year after year. There is good magic in her pills; but better magic in her hold on God. Until, on any Sunday morning, you can find her patients in any row upon row of members of the church of God in Africa.How they sing! How they pray!

Surely you can be feeling a new gratitude, yourself, that it is given to you to project your personality also across all the geographical miles of blue ocean to the Listening Ear—for in the salary of that devoted and beautiful physician of God our church is having a yearly share in making the Kingdom come—on earth, as in heaven.

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH,
For the Women's Society.

Men's Class Hikes

"I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of walking, that is, of taking walks, —who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering: which word is beautifully derived 'from idle people who roved about the country, in the middle ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going a la Saint Terre,' to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, 'There goes a Saint-Terrer,' a Saunterer, a Holy Lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean, . . . For very walk is of a sort of crusade, preached by some Peter the Hermit in us, to go forth and reconquer this Holy Land from the hands of the Infidels." So run the opening lines of Henry David Thoreau's essay on WALKING.

The walks taken by the men of the Class and their friends during the late spring and summer months will not perhaps, approximate the ideal as Thoreau would have it. However, the sheer joy of walking and of sauntering is not altogether unknown to those men, who have walked these several months, for they have succeeded, if only meagerly, in doing what Thoreau, William Hazlitt, John Burroughs and Robert Louis Stevenson, so happily did.

A typical walk, among others taken, is the one to Tibbetts Brook Park in Westchester County near Yonkers. This park is one of the most beautiful around New York City. It is ideally located for walking purposes. Men usually work until mid-day on Saturdays when most of the hikes are given, so it is a point of importance that a desirable place can be reached within a reasonable time. Tibbetts Brook can be reached in a little more than an hour from the heart of the City.

(CECIL KITE)

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Published by the Committee on Publications
of the Riverside Church
122nd Street and Riverside Drive, New York City

Vol. 4 August, 1930 *No.* 10

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QUESTIONS!

The second week in August finds the "substitute" editor back at his "temporary" desk in the "improvised" office which he has been occupying the past year. So it goes with almost everything around the Riverside Church building this summer. Nothing is as it was when we closed our work in June nor as it will be in October. The Assembly Hall is being redecorated. The pews are being put in place in the Church. The Chancel Screen is being set. Furniture is beginning to find its way into the class rooms and offices of the tower. The bells of the Carillon are assembled in the "yard" south of the building, except for six or seven of the medium sized ones which have already made their perilous ascent up the outside of the tower and disappeared within the opening which has been waiting for them ever since the stone-work of the structure was completed. These smaller bells must all be stowed away in their appropriate places before the big Bourdon is raised.

This mammoth bell of 20 tons of metal, a photograph of which is appearing in this issue of the "Monthly," has safely made the journey from the foundry of Gillett and Johnston in Croydon, England, and has now only to make the perpendicular trip of about 360 feet to find its final home with its seventy-one mates in our Carillon. At this writing we cannot say what day and date the bell will be raised, but if the insistent questions coming from newspapers and reporters is a safe indication of their interest, we are assured that you will be advised by the daily press.

On every hand we are being asked questions. We hope the above information will answer some that our readers might ask were they to take a walk on Riverside Drive on one of these August days.

E. C. C.